A BRIEF MEMOIR

OF

DR. ELISHA BARTLETT.

With the best wishes of
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WITH

SELECTIONS FROM HIS WRITINGS

AND

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE SAME.

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The foundation of a state rests on the virtue, the patriotism and the knowledge possessed by its citizens; why, then, is it not the duty of the state to perpetuate the memory of those of its citizens who most possess these virtues, as a means of strengthening its own existence. The good name of its citizens is the heritage of the state, and should not be confined to family limits. The state is lavish of her bounty while we recite deeds of bravery and heroism, too often coupled with brutality, for the purpose of inciting emulation in the minds of youth. Peace also hath her victories, and these, too, deserve well at the hands of the state. Scholastic pursuits, even if unaccompanied with the pomp and pride and circumstance of war, have sometimes resulted in

greater benefits to the race than those events which come heralded with more noise, but less real worth.

> "A wise physician, skilled our wounds to heal,
> Is more than armies to the public weal."

Let me, therefore, present the name of a Rhode Island scholar for emulation — a man who, while he possessed the rugged reasoning powers of men, possessed also the delicate, sensitive, sympathetic nature of woman; a close student, a wise counsellor, a true friend, to be loved by all who knew him. Possessed of ample knowledge and of perfect simplicity, a man who, but little known in his native state, yet exercised a wide influence outside its narrow borders, an influence always on the side of virtue.

This, then, is my defence. That to perpetuate the memory of good civil acts tends to strengthen the basis of a state, and things which tend to this end are for the good of its citizens. I suggest for consideration the name of Elisha Bartlett.

Doctor or Professor Bartlett (for he was equally known by either title) was the son of Otis and Wait

Bartlett, of Smithfield, Rhode Island, where he was born October 6th, 1804. He early betrayed a fondness for scholastic pursuits, books were the companions of his boyhood, his solace and his delight.

His parents were members of the Society of Friends, and while desirous of giving their son the best advantages of education, they yet did not find in the universities of their time such results as they desired him to reach; so that, although it must be said he did not receive a university education, he did yet obtain, by means of excellent schools and close application, as fine a classical education as any American university of his time could have given him.

His inclination was towards the medical profession, a path which he afterwards described in these fine sentences: "It is the path which was trodden by the Sydenhams, the Hallers and the Hunters. It is the path which led Harvey to the most brilliant achievement in the annals of physiological science. It is the path which led the more fortunate Jenner to that discovery which has embalmed his name in the gratitude and the love of all peoples and of all

tongues. It is the path which led Newton up to the loftiest pinnacle ever reached by uninspired humanity. A pinnacle crowned with light of ineffable brightness, where the veil was rent, which, from the creation of the world, had hung before the universe, hiding its wonder and its mystery, and man was suffered to look, for the first time, out upon the beauty, the majesty, the unchangeable order of the handiwork of God. Into this path, be it our effort and our happiness to enter." Such was the language with which he inspired the young men to whom he spoke to exertion in their profession.

He pursued his studies in this department under several masters in New England, all of them men of distinction. Among these men mention may be made of Dr. Levi Wheaton, of Providence, (1761—1852). He attended medical lectures at Boston and in Providence, where, at Brown University, he took his degree of M. D. in 1828, one of the last graduates of that school, which was abandoned at the close of that academic year, although the chairs of several of the professors seem to have been occupied for a year or two after. Solomon Drowne held the

position of Professor of Materia Medica and Botany, Levi Wheaton that of Theory and Practice of Physic, Usher Parsons that of Anatomy and Surgery,— names long and well known in Rhode Island.

After his graduation at Brown University, Dr. Bartlett visited Paris, France, where he still further pursued his medical studies, under the distinguished teachers for which the French capital was then and has always since been so celebrated. On his return from France he took up his residence in the town of Lowell, Massachusetts. On its becoming a city, in 1836, Dr. Bartlett became its first Mayor. He was afterwards honored by a seat in the Legislature of Massachusetts. But these positions were uncongenial to his delicate nature, and he soon abandoned them for a more congenial pursuit, that of a medical teacher. He had held a professorship at Pittsfield since 1832. In 1841 he abandoned the practice of medicine and accepted a professorship at Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, at which place he remained six years, and afterwards a year at Louisville. During these years he had also delivered lectures at Woodstock, Vermont, and at other places.

In this quiet but effective way was the life of this excellent man spent — in sowing throughout the extent of this broad land the seeds of a sound medical knowledge, and inciting his pupils to aspire to the higher walks of the profession. Truly the amount of good accomplished in this way by this earnest, simple scholar cannot be estimated. It is still expanding in the community, and like the beams of the morning sun, gilding and brightening whatever it touches.

Professor Bartlett's influence over his students during these years must have been of the happiest nature. In a recent conversation with one of them, who was a student at the Berkshire School at Pittsfield, we gather some insight into it. Here were gathered sixty young men so rude, so wild, so rough, that no professor could in quiet order deliver his lecture; but no sooner did Professor Bartlett enter his lecture-room than perfect order immediately obtained, and a profound silence was maintained until he had finished. Every student loved him. We will not call it the influence of mind over matter; it was the natural force of a pure, simple, earnest and strong intellect.

Finally he was called to an important professorship in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the City of New York. Here he continued for three years, when, compelled by failing health, he abandoned the position to retire to the paternal acres in Smithfield to die, which sorrowful event took place July 19th, 1855.

> "We cannot doubt, through our Redeemer's love,
> His name is written in that book
> The angels keep above."

No more fitting words can be used than his own, spoken on another occasion: "Worthy was his life of that divine philosophy whose disciple and expositor he was. Worthily did he fulfil the great mission upon which he came,—to reveal to humanity its true nature,—to vindicate its true nobleness,—to clear away its blindness,—to rebuke its waywardness and folly,—to teach it its best good,—to call it to its highest happiness,—to reclaim it from its wanderings,—to lead it into paths of pleasantness and peace,—to enlighten it, to elevate, and adorn it. Single-hearted seeker after Truth,—Lover of all

human excellence and good, — Friend and benefactor of men, — Peace be to thy ashes!"

An address on the Life, Character and Writings of Dr. Bartlett was delivered before the Middlesex North District Medical Society, by Dr. Elisha Huntington, and published at Lowell by the Society. George D. Prentice gave an almost eulogistic account of Dr. Bartlett in the *Louisville Journal*, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes gave for the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* a short but very beautiful memoir. From it we extract a few paragraphs which peculiarly illustrate the personal charms of Professor Bartlett:

"After a long illness, the issue of which has been but too plainly foreseen by all his friends, Dr. Elisha Bartlett has left us, regretted and honored throughout our whole land. His life has borne fruits to science, and done good service to his fellow men in various spheres of duty. While we trust that it may find a faithful chronicler in some one of those who have been near to him in its more active periods, it will not be out of place to devote a brief space in

our pages to his memory. Hardly any American physician was more widely known to his countrymen, or more favorably considered abroad, where his writings had carried his name. His personal graces were known to a less extensive circle of admiring friends, and yet his image is familiar to very many who have received his kind attentions, or listened to his instructions, or been connected with him in the administration of public duties.

"To them it is easy to recall his ever welcome and gracious presence. On his expanded forehead no one could fail to trace the impress of a large and calm intelligence. In his most open and beaming smile, none could help feeling the warmth of a heart which was the seat of all generous and kindly affections. When he spoke, his tones were of singular softness, his thoughts came in chosen words, scholar-like, yet unpretending, often playful, always full of lively expressions, giving the idea of one that could be dangerously keen in his judgments, had he not kept his fastidiousness to himself, and his charity to sheathe the weakness of others. In familiar intercourse — and the writer of these paragraphs was once

under the same roof with him for some months — no one could be more companionable and winning in all his ways. The little trials of life he took kindly, and cheerily, turning into pleasantry the petty inconveniences which a less thoroughly good-natured man would have fretted over. A man so full of life will rarely be found so gentle and quiet in all his ways. A man who could be so satirical, must have been very kind-hearted to let the sharp edge of his intellect be turned towards his neghbors' weaknesses so seldom. None was less disposed to put on airs in any community; he was rather too modest in coming out than too forward, though a silver-tongued speaker, to whom multitudes were always ready to listen whenever he was forced or beguiled to open his lips in public."

Some further illustrations of the fine traits of Doctor Bartlett's personal character are well expressed in the following extracts from Bishop Clark's address delivered on the occasion of the funeral:

"Some twenty-five years ago, I used to meet a young man in the town of Lowell, whose presence

carried sunshine wherever he went; whose tenderness and skill relieved the darkness of many a chamber of sickness, and whom all the community were fast learning to love and honor. Life lay before him, full of promise; the delicate temper of his soul fitting him to the most exquisite enjoyment of all the pure delights of nature, and his cheerful temperament giving a genial and generous glow to the refined circles of which he was one of the chiefest ornaments. He was a man of true and earnest thought; he grappled with the mysteries of science, and she yielded up to him her choicest treasures; he walked with observant eye in the fields of literature and gathered its choicest fruits; he tuned his harp to song, and melody vibrated from the golden cords.

"The enterprising town to which he gave the freshness of his life, as soon as it rose to the dignity of a city, made him her chief magistrate, and bestowed upon him all the civic honors that were in her keeping. He soon became widely known, not only as a skilful and learned physician, but also as an accurate and eloquent lecturer, and as a valuable contributor to the journals of medical science. Into

the details of his career, I am not competent to enter; others, who are more familiar with his works, will write his biography, and when this is done the world will see that a bright and shining light has been extinguished in his death. But ere long, the angel of sorrow crossed his path, and laid a blighting hand upon his vigorous frame. His strong arm grew tremulous and his elastic step gave way. The lines of bitter pain furrowed his brow, and an inexorable disease fastened upon the central springs of life. The energy of an indomitable will triumphed in a measure over those physical infirmities; and often, while his nerves were tingling with acutest agony, he stood placidly in the lecture-room, teaching his students how to apply those remedies which he knew could be of no further avail to him. At last, he came home, to the quiet retirement of these rural scenes, where he had passed his childhood, to learn the lesson of patient submission to the will of God, and lie down to die. Here, on his couch of sickness, in the short intervals of suffering which his disease allowed him, he brought his clear and vigorous mind into close contact with those great prob-

lems which bear upon man's eternal interests, and found a shelter under the shadow of Calvary. With the calmness of a philosopher, and with the child-like faith of a Christian disciple, he looked off from this narrow strip of time, into the infinite of eternity. 'Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief!' was the constant attitude of his mind, and so he waited for his summons. 'Talk to me of realities; I want more of the faith of a little child,' he would say, often and often. 'I merit nothing; God must give me all, of his free grace!' Not a murmur ever fell from his lips; 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in my Father,' was the feeling which kept him quiet, when heart and flesh gave way under the torture of most excruciating pangs.

"And now, at last, he has found rest. All that was noble and loving and holy lives; only the frail and suffering part is dead. He has carried his treasures of knowledge and virtue with him, and left us the legacy of his spotless fame. He has passed on, a little before these dear friends who have watched so faithfully by his bedside; and now, waits awhile for them to come. The stream which, for a quarter

of a century, flowed on so gently, making two lives one, for a short distance now seems to diverge and separate a little; but the waters will soon meet again; those marriage vows which are truly made for life, in some sense must abide, when mortal life is over."

In the course of his labors in the various schools where he delivered medical lectures it lay within his path to address sundry other audiences than medical ones. Several of the addresses thus delivered were published, and at the close of this memorial we have gathered the titles of such as are known to us.

In addition to these writings Professor Bartlett was a constant contributor to the medical journals of his day, while his graceful poems are still treasured by his many friends, who gathered them from the papers as they from time to time appeared.

HIPPOCRATES

BY THE

DYING BED OF PERICLES.

AN

EXTRACT FROM A

DISCOURSE READ BEFORE THE TRUSTEES, FACULTY AND MEDICAL CLASS OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, NEW YORK, 1852.

HIPPOCRATES

BY THE

DYING BED OF PERICLES.

LEAVING the sterile island of Tharos let us follow the young physician to another sick chamber—to a scene of domestic life still further illustrative of that remote and wonderful period with which we are concerned. The time is a year or two later—it is the house of Pericles that we enter, and we stand by the death bed of the great and venerable Archon. Every thing in the spacious apartment indicates the pervading presence—not of obtrusive grandeur or of showy and ostentatious wealth,—but of stately elegance and of high, various, many-sided luxury, culture and refinement. Philosophy, letters, and art breathe in the quiet atmosphere of the room; and the taste of Aspasia sheds an Asiatic grace over its

furnishing and its decorations. In one corner stands a statue of Minerva, from the chisel of Phidias; and the walls are covered with pictures fresh from the pencils of Panænus and Polygnotus, illustrating the legendary and historic glories of Greece. There might have been seen Theseus bearing off from the field of victory, on the banks of the Thermodon, the masculine and magnificent queen of the Amazons—half willing, perhaps, to be the captive of such a victor; Jason in his good ship Argo, with his fifty selectest heroes, convoyed by the queen of love, the awful Hêra, and Apollo, winds his various and adventurous voyage, crowded with poetic imagery and romantic incident, and brings back the golden fleece from Colchis;—Helen at her loom is weaving into her golden web the story of the Trojan wars;—the chaste Penelope by the light of her midnight lamp, undoes the delusive labors of the day;—Ulysses, returned from his long wanderings, surveys once more, with boyish pride and delight, the dear old bow, which no arm but his could bend. The central figure on that old historic canvas, that I have endeavored to unroll before you, is that of the dying states-

man. Raised and resting, in solemn and august serenity upon its last pillow, lies that head of Olympian grandeur; his long and glorious life is about to close. He had been for more than an entire generation—if never the first Archon and not always the most popular—by common consent, the most eminent citizen, statesman and orator of the republic—the great defender of her constitution—the champion of her freedom and her rights—the upholder and the magnifier of her renown. Political rivals, disappointed partisans, and a few malignant personal enemies and professional libellers and satirists had been hostile to his career and had endeavored to blacken his fair fame; but his strong and unshaken democratic faith—his far-seeing sagacity—his firmness and moderation—his enlarged, liberal, humanizing, conservative and pacific policy—his moral courage and independence, and his high public probity had triumphed over them all; and although braving the prejudices of his friends and supporters in his devotion to the general weal, he had gathered over his declining sun some clouds of public disfavor—the sense of justice, and the feeling of grati-

tude in the minds of his countrymen were quick to return—the clouds were already scattered or they served only to deepen and reflect the setting splendor which for a moment they had intercepted and obscured.

The Plague had visited Athens, many of his near personal friends and relatives had already fallen victims to the pestilence. Both his sons had perished, and the young Pericles—the child of Aspasia—had been sent away, with his mother, for safety, into Thessaly. Phidias, and his old teacher, Anaxagoras, his

"Guide, philosopher and friend,"

had died a little while before the breaking out of the epidemic. Those who were left had now gathered around the bed of the dying Archon, to receive the rich legacy of his parting words, and to pay to him the last solemn and kindly offices of life. Not often in the world's history has there met together a more august and illustrious company. These are a few of those whom we are able to recognize amongst them: Resting his head on the shoulder of Socrates,

and sobbing aloud in unrestrained and passionate sorrow, leans the wild and reckless Alcibiades—just in the first bloom of that resplendent personal beauty which made him seem to the eyes even of the Greeks more like a radiant apparition of a young Apollo, than any form of mere earthly mould—subdued for the first time in his life and probably for the last—by the spectacle before him of his dying relative and guardian—to reverence, tenderness, and truth. Sophocles, his old companion in arms, is there; and near him, in his coarse mantle and with unsandaled feet, may have stood a grandson of Aristides, still poor with the honorable poverty of his great ancestor. Conspicuous amidst this group of generals, admirals, statesmen, orators, artists, poets and philosophers;—in rank and fortune, in social position, in reputation, in learning, culture, and refinement their equal and associate, sits the young physician of Cos. Already had his rising fame reached Athens, and when the city, overcrowded with the inhabitants of Attica, driven from their homes by the armies of Sparta, was smitten with the pestilence, he was summoned from his island home in the Ægean, to

stay if he could the march of the destroying angel, and to succor with his skill those who had fallen under the shadow of his wings.

THE

HEAD AND THE HEART,

OR THE

Relative Importance of Intellectual & Moral Education

A LECTURE,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION,
IN LOWELL, AUGUST, 1838,

BY ELISHA BARTLETT, M. D.

THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

The title of the Association, which I now have the honor to address, is the American Institute of Instruction. Its principal objects are, I suppose, to ascertain, and to bring into general usage, the best methods and processes of instruction. Conformably to this design a large proportion of the lectures which are read at its annual meetings are, very properly, from practical teachers on practical matters. Experience, not theory, is its acknowledged guide and oracle; and the true principles, and the most efficient systems of intellectual education its paramount objects of pursuit. I presume, however, that the Institute does not intend to confine its labors wholly within such limits. No one department of the great Science of Human Culture can be en-

tirely without its province and recognition. Any contribution, from whatever quarter it may come, will, I am sure, be cordially received. Any offering, how humble soever it may be, if brought with pure hands to the altar, will be welcomed and accepted.

The directors of the Institute, in inviting me to give a lecture on the present occasion, very kindly left the selection of a subject to myself. For various reasons, I shall ask your attention, for the passing hour, to the relative value and importance of intellectual and moral education; or, more correctly, perhaps, to some of the considerations which go to show that in this science of human culture the moral nature should be the chief object of concern, and that all systems which fail to recognize this truth, are vicious in principle, and must be unsatisfactory in their results. I have avoided the discussion of any one of the numerous questions of practical education, because I have no store of observation and experience to bring to their solution. I have chosen this general topic because it has been the frequent subject of my meditations — because it has been but

little attended to by the community in which we live, and because I believe right notions respecting it to be of paramount and unspeakable importance.

It may be proper for me to state here, that the general design of my lecture was formed, and a considerable portion of it already written out, before I had read the excellent lectures by Mr. Abbott, and by President Bates, on Moral Education, delivered before the Institute at its former sessions. But although these gentlemen may have anticipated me in many things, still the scope of their lectures and of mine is not precisely similar, and the same subject must, almost necessarily, present itself in different aspects to different minds. I may also say here that during my attendance on the present series of lectures, it has delighted me to find that this very subject, in its various bearings, is occupying so large a share of your attention. It is one of the best signs of the time. All men every where, who have at all rightly studied the nature and destiny of the human race, are calling for a radical reformation of educational principles and systems. Widely as they may differ on other matters, they agree on this;

widely as they may differ as to the means of accomplishing the end, the end itself they all agree in demanding. They all call for moral and religious culture. The old philosophies call for it; the new philosophies call for it. Spiritualism and Phrenology — Cousin and Spurzheim — Germany and France call for it. Common sense demands it with its plain Saxon utterance, and Transcendentalism preaches it, with its melodious voice, summoning us, like the skylark, from the invisible depths of the heavens, through it and by it to strive thitherward. I would add my mite to this rich contribution. I would do my little part in promoting the reformation which we all so ardently desire to see consummated.

I start with this proposition, — that in the multiplex organization of human nature, the highest element is the moral and religious element. The being — man — is a perfect, complete, whole, — made up of many parts, each sustaining to the others, certain definite and uniform relations. He has a body, with its own laws, functions and properties. He has instincts and perceptions which belong to him in common with the beasts of the field and the fowls of the

air. He has knowing and reasoning powers, tastes and desires, which are denied to these latter. Superadded to all these he has various powers and capacities which constitute his moral and religious nature. Among these, and related to them, are Hope, throwing over all the future its golden light; Faith, dwelling amid the mysteries of God and the Universe, leaning on the high promises of his word and his works; Love, linking him by sweet but indefinable sympathies with his brotherhood; Reverence, bowing down before the great, the awful, the supreme, — the very act of adoration imparting to the spirit something of the excellence which it worships; and Conscience, the stern lawgiver of all his being, and its most delightful solace and rewarder. To this nature, thus constituted, belongs the supremacy. All the other elements of humanity were intended to be subject to this its sovereign element. Its ministers, its guides, were they designed to be, but always its servants. No one of the other powers, — sensitive, instinctive, social, intellectual, — no combination of them can usurp dominion over the moral nature without reversing the order of

creation, — without upturning from its basis and poising on its apex the pyramid of humanity.

The whole universe of matter and of mind, so far as we can understand it, has been arranged and is governed in conformity to the principle of this harmonious development of all the human capacities, and the supremacy of the highest nature. This is the greatest single truth, except that of the immortality of the human soul, that can be put into human language. It is yet only dawning upon the world. The sky is but just reddening with its auroral light. But this light, like the ruddy harbinger of the morning, is the certain presage of the full coming, in his glory, of the day at last. And it is in this day only, by the light only of this moral sun, that God's universe of world and spirit can be clearly seen. Only by this radiance can the clouds and darkness, which have so long rested upon nature, providence, and man, be dispelled; only by the brooding of this spirit over the waste, shall the chaos be turned to order, and the void be filled. It will then come to be seen, that all evil and all good, — all suffering and all joy hinge upon this principle; that they are the

offspring of its violation or its fulfilment. The earth performs her perpetual and appointed circuit, — the firmament is fretted with its golden fires, — the dew gathers its liquid drop on the green blade of grass, — the lightning rends the oak, — the storm upheaves the sea, — rosy health warms the cheek, — delight sparkles in the eye, — disease wastes, and pain racks the body, — neglect dwarfs, and culture expands the intellect, — low desires debase, and lofty aspirations and high hopes ennoble the soul, all in conformity to the laws of this great relationship. Men can be sure that the functions of their own bodies, the workings of their own spirits, the events of Providence, and all the infinite operations and processes of the outer universe, will minister to their happiness and their good, only so far as they are obedient to the conditions I have stated. Only by this obedience, full and unqualified, can man bring himself into harmony with his position. Only by this obedience can he accomplish his highest and truest destiny. This is the great work which is given him to do. This is the mission on which he has been sent. Every individual soul of man that has ever

heretofore issued, and that shall hereafter issue from the bossom of God, has been summoned and shall be summoned, by the manifold voices of truth and wisdom, to work out this destiny, each for itself, and in aid also of its brotherhood.

The mission of humanity, as a race, — as an infinite succession of generations, — the destiny to which it is called, and towards which, through much tribulation, in its strength and its weakness, through many hindrances and obstructions, it has ever been and shall ever be struggling onward, is the gradual, and more and more perfect evolving of this harmony ; the bringing into it of all the sons and daughters of men.

It is hardly necessary for me to say, that this relative value and importance of the moral and religious powers, which I insist upon, is nowhere generally recognized. It is preached, to be sure, nominally, from the pulpit, but too often sadly enough mutilated, and overlaid with technicalities and cant. It has always been the doctrine of the inspired teachers of men ; it has constituted their chief message from Heaven to earth. But nowhere has this universal

gospel been generally received. Every where do men overestimate the relative dignity and worth of the mere intellect. Strength of mind receives the homage which properly and of right belongs to goodness of heart and greatness of soul. Intellectual power is too much coveted and honored, and moral worth not enough.

From this wrong appreciation, it comes, of course, that intellectual culture is much regarded, and moral culture much neglected. This is true every where, but it seems to me to be especially so here. What is the great defect in our own national character? It seems to me, that there can be but one answer to this question. This national character is faulty, especially, in the want of high moral principle. The intellect,—the general intellect,—is very well cared for amongst us. Its enlightenment and guidance are the themes of constant discussion. This Institute was established expressly to promote the culture of the general intellect. To the same end are our local state governments, many of them at least, lavish of their bounty. Agents are sent to Europe to study its systems, and no pains are spared to procure, for

all our children, the means of education. The subject is a popular one, and it is every day growing in favor with the popular mind. Political parties write it on their banners. Fashionable, in some quarters, and in some schools of constitutional politics, as the let alone doctrine of government is becoming, jealous as our people are disposed to feel of all legislation which touches their personal freedom of thought and action,—sensitive as they are to any apparent infringement of their dear rights to do with themselves and with their own as seemeth to them good, the doctrine, that the children, in a certain qualified sense, belong to the state, and that the state not only may interfere in the matter of their education, but that it is in duty bound so to interfere, is becoming every day more and more a settled article of our political faith. We submit, not passively, merely, but cheerfully,—gladly,—to the imposition of heavy taxes, in the benefits of which many of us have no direct share whatever. The man with no children, paying largely for the education of the children of his neighbor, who pays nothing, makes no complaint of unfairness or inequality in the apportionment of the public burden.

Physical education,—the laws and conditions of the well-being of the body, are subjects less attended to, but, by no means, wholly neglected, and they are coming, daily, to be better and better understood.

The purely religious and devotional part of our character is very extensively developed. It is active, earnest and fervent. Weekly, from thousands of public altars goes up the sound of worship; and daily and nightly, from tens of thousands of single hearts ascends the sweet incense of silent adoration and prayer.

Neither are the benevolent and philanthropic sentiments at all wanting in activity amongst us. The efforts which are prompted by these sentiments have kept, and they are likely long to keep, the entire moral elements of the country in commotion,—often in commotion of wildest and stormiest character. All forms of spiritual evil, and of physical suffering, —at home and abroad,—are met with our warmest sympathies. We feed the hungry,—we minister to the sick,—we clothe the naked,—we give ears to the deaf, and eyes to the blind. In almost every

pagan island of the sea,—in the frozen earth of the Arctic circle, and in the sands of hot Africa, rest the bones of our Christian missionaries.

But with all this we want high, stern, uncompromising moral principle. We want conscience. We want the sense of duty. We want simple honesty. The Golden Rule is not where it should be, a sign upon our hands, and a frontlet between our eyes. We have more religion than morality. Our feeling of piety is stronger than our sense of right and wrong. We worship the good, not too much, but we worship the right far too little. How uncommon,—even in matters of mere worldly concern,—in the every day transactions of dollars and cents,—is true, thorough-going, absolute honesty! I do not advocate any Utopian system of life or philosophy. I am no dreamer of vain visions. I hold up no fanciful and unattainable ideal of right. I have lived more in the world than in the closet, and I claim to be guided by common sense. But still, I say, how rare, in the business world, is true, simple, genuine, thorough-going honesty! A man who pays his honest and just debts, after he has been legally ex-

empted from discharging them,—or in other words, who returns to his neighbor the money which belongs to him, the payment of which that neighbor is unable to enforce, is regarded as a moral anomaly. People,—very good, and benevolent, and religious people too,—will call him either a fanatic or a fool. He is stared at, as he walks the street, or enters church, as something strange, unusual, out of the way. As he passes, men say there he goes. If he has heirs, they will hint at the shattered condition of his mind,—at his lost wits, and at the necessity of a legal guardian to look after him, before he is utterly ruined. Some of the best men amongst us will accept a reward, as a matter of course, for the restitution to its owner, of a lost sum of money.

I have spoken especially of this want of conscientiousness, as it shows itself in the business relations of men, because it is in these relations that this want is most manifest and flagrant. But the same defect vitiates, still more deeply and fatally, other elements of our national character. It renders us unjust in our social and civil relations. It transforms our political and religious differences of opinion into

harsh and ferocious controversies. It makes us intolerant, uncharitable, censorious. It curdles the milk of human kindness. It turns to bitterness the sweet charities of life. It renders us reckless of means in the accomplishment of our favorite ends. How seldom is it, that in the fierce strife of opinions, we calmly and honestly ask ourselves, whether these things which we are saying, or these measures which we are about to adopt, to further our own purposes, and to frustrate those of the men or party from whom we differ, are right! Is it not notorious, that every species of misrepresentation, deception and trickery is daily and hourly resorted to in the partisan warfare, which so constantly agitates and embroils our whole country? Is it not notorious, that a simple return in figures, of the result of an election, is not to be depended upon? Is there a single public man amongst us, of any considerable eminence, whose character is not perpetually and wantonly traduced, misrepresented and vilified? Is there any defamation too malignant,—is there any outrage too cruel,—is there any scurrility too low to be received with favor and relish? And is not

the infamous doctrine, that all this is fair and right, very generally admitted to the heart, and in some instances boldly and openly avowed? This same absence of moral principle, more than anything else, is the cause of that want of moral independence, with which, as a people, we have been so frequently reproached. It is the profound feeling of right and wrong, far more than intellectual strength or attainment, which gives individuality to a man. It is the sense of duty which enables him to stand on his own feet. It is this, and this only, which gives him true freedom; it is this only which delivers him from fear and dependence.

There may be many, perhaps, who, while they are willing to admit the truth of these remarks upon the relative value and importance of moral culture, and upon the prominent defects of our national character, may still be unable to see how an American Institute of Instruction can do much towards remedying the evils of which I have complained. It is not the purpose of this lecture to enter into practical details, or to propose specific measures, so much as to state and illustrate some general principles per-

taining to this particular subject. But great good may be done in this way, greater perhaps in the present condition of the public mind, than in any other. If these principles are sound, their application will be very easily made; there will be no difficulty in working them out.

I shall proceed, therefore, with a brief exposition of some further principles connected with the subject of my lecture. One of these, and an exceedingly important one, relates to the necessity of moral education in early life. This topic involves the consideration of the condition and characteristics of the mind during its first stages of activity and development. Nothing is more certain than that the different powers and capacities of the mind, like the several parts and organs of the body, are developed more or less successively,—to a greater or less extent, in a definite order. Some of these powers are quick and active in earliest childhood,—others are more tardily awakened, and some acquire their highest degree of intensity only in the later periods of life, at a time when many of the dominant impulses of manhood and of youth may have lost their

energy, or have become almost extinct. Thus, the morbid passion for gain, which constitutes the miser, ordinarily acquires its fullest strength in somewhat advanced age. It is often when life is waning, after the fountains of its early joys are dried up, that this feeling becomes an insatiable and parching thirst in the soul, changing all the heart's greenness to ashes, and making its flesh harder than the nether mill-stone. The intellect is very slowly and gradually unfolded,—it fully posseses itself only during the ripe period of manhood, and it sinks with the failing body into second childishness in old age.

Early life is characterized by great activity of certain of the selfish and instinctive feelings, of some of the social affections, and of many of the moral and religious sentiments. The reasoning powers, together with some of the strongest motives and impulses of mature life are nearly dormant and inoperative. When I speak, here, of the activity in childhood, of the moral and religious sense, I mean its ready and quick susceptibilities,—its capacity for action, when properly appealed to,—when placed in relation to its appropriate objects, or, in plainer

speech, when rightly trained and educated. And with this explanation, no one, I think, who has studied the character of childhood, will be disposed to doubt the truth of what I have said. I believe that I may safely appeal to all who hear me, for all have been young, and all, it may be hoped, have felt some of the movements of the spirit of God through the depths of the infant soul, and responded to their mysterious stirrings. When has self-reproach for wrong doing been more keenly and bitterly felt, than in the very days of the nursery? When has irrepressible joy at the thought of duty performed, or obedience rendered, or selfishness sacrificed, so overspread the heart like a fountain of sweet waters, as in the orient morning of our being? We have all seen the spectacle,—and the whole earth, in the infinitude of its loveliness, has no object more beautiful,—than that of a sweet tempered, affectionate, religious child. How does its young spirit bow itself down before the felt and almost visible majesty of the Divine Presence! With what a full, undoubting faith, does it rest on the promise of another and an immortal life! How does its fresh imagination

call up and portray the scenes of that future life,—its companions, its employments, its joys,—with a vivid and life-like reality, that absolutely awes and startles minds of maturer growth!

I have no wish for the purpose of making out a strong case, to overstate or to exaggerate, in any way, these higher and better attributes of the youthful mind. Neither do I desire to keep out of sight or in the back-ground, any of the principles and feelings, antagonist to its moral and religious nature. I aim to state the whole subject, fairly and fully. I do not claim for the mind of childhood, what can properly be called any natural or preponderating tendency towards the right, the just, and the true. I admit, readily, that it has other capacities, other faculties, other tendencies, than those of which I have been speaking, not less ready to be excited and acted upon than these, and leading it, when so excited and acted upon, through all wretchedness and degradation to moral death. I know well enough, that in the actual condition of society, and in its own natural and unavoidable relations,—with the elements of moral evil scattered broad-cast all

about it, and sown thick within it,—with countless multitudes and Protean forms of temptation to evil, and of provocation to wrong, watching it with vigilance that never sleeps, and addressing it with a pertinacity that never tires,—I know that with all these, it must often happen, as it too generally does happen, that the lower nature attains the ascendancy, and that the higher is trodden down in the dust, despoiled of its purity, and shorn of its strength. But I still claim that the Infinite Father of this immortal spirit has so constituted it,—he has so commingled its various elements,—he has so mercifully and graciously attempered its attributes, that when the means which he has provided and put into our hands, and commanded us to use, are faithfully brought to bear upon it,—it may be saved,—saved from the dominion of sin,—saved to all holiness,—saved to all excellence,—saved to truth, to duty, to happiness, to peace. He has so arranged and endowed its several powers, as to secure for it, by a conformity on our part, to the plain and easy conditions which he has established, the supremacy of its moral and religious nature.

I have already stated, that the purely intellectual powers may or may not be called into early action. Some of them, such, for instance, as the higher reasoning faculties, are not susceptible of sound and vigorous action, until the first period of youth is already passed. It is well known that very many of the most extraordinary intellectual men of the world were, in no way, remarkable for their peculiar powers in early life. But this is not the case with these other capacities of the mind. It is not so with the moral and religious capacities; it is not so with the selfish instincts, and the animal appetites. It seems to me exceedingly important, that the actual constitution of the youthful mind should be better understood than it generally is. There is a spontaneity, belonging to both these classes of powers, which does not belong to the intellectual nature. Either one class or the other will be educated. The intellect may slumber from the cradle to the coffin,—from infancy to old age,—knowledge, science, learning, may never dawn, even in faintest glimmer, on its darkness; but in every human soul, with its ordinary endowments, there will be activity,—life,

—at times, probably, intense burning life, either of the higher or the lower nature. No circumstances, no contrivances, can prevent this result. It is inevitable. It is a fearful and momentous condition of our very being. It is true, every where and in all time, among all races, in all states of society. In every soul of man must there be lighted up,—not on its intellectual, but on its other spiritual altars,—kindled by the good or bad affections,—fires of Hell, lurid, scorching and consuming,— or celestial, heavenly light, caught from the throne of God.

It should never be forgotten, that the intellect may be cultivated alike in connection with the activity and supremacy, either of the lower or the higher nature. All history is full of illustrations of this truth. All biography is full of it. Every man's own consciousness tells him of this truth. The intellect is not the antagonist power of the selfish and low desires. By enlightening the former you may repress the latter, and you may, also, inflame and excite them. The intellect may as readily become the handmaid of vice as of virtue. Her powers are Swiss mercenaries, ready to enlist under

any banner, and to fight for any cause,—to-day on the side of freedom and right,—to-morrow on that of oppression and wrong. This is not true in relation to the high and the low affections,—to the noble and the base desires. These may reign alternately in the same soul; they may hold a divided empire. In too many cases, they are permitted to do so. In all of us there must be conflict between them; there must be strife for the ascendancy. Who has not felt, one hour, the angel nestling in his bosom, and the fiend rioting there, the next? But however these powers of darkness and of light may succeed each other in the empire of the mind; however they may, by turns, dwell within it, they cannot reign peacefully there together. Both may call the intellect to their assistance, but they cannot aid each other. There is a perpetual and an irreconcilable hostility between them. From the beginning of the world, have they been foes, and at deadly enmity with each other must they remain till the end of time.

All this is as true of the imaginative portion of our nature, and of the fine arts, as it is of the purely

knowing and reasoning faculties. The former may link themselves in like close fellowship with the higher and the lower nature. They have no essential, inherent affinity for the right and the good. Poetry may come to us an angel of light, or a spirit of darkness, the quickener of our best passions, or the pander to our worst. The voluptuous sensuality of a Venus, and the sainted purity of a Madonna have often been the creation of the same pencil, and the hand which has moulded the majestic countenance of a Moses to-day, has worked at the physiognomy of a Bacchus or a Satyr to-morrow. Music has quite as often swelled the chorus of revelry and riot, as it has hymned the praises of goodness and of God. All I mean to say is this, that there is no natural or necessary connection or sympathy between any of these faculties and susceptibilities of the mind and its higher nature.

Another important truth connected with these considerations, is this: — the bad passions, the selfish and corrupt desires can never be so safely and effectually repressed or driven out from the soul, by direct attacks made upon them through the means

and agency of the intellect, as by letting them alone, and by calling into the soul and invigorating those other powers to which they stand in opposition. Licentiousness may take knowledge into its service, and gain new strength and new resources from the alliance, but it will be withered to impotency in the gentle, majestic presence of purity and holiness. Simple rest of the lower nature is very often one of the most powerful and efficient means of moral culture. I fear that this plain and obvious principle is fatally overlooked in some of the efforts now making for the removal of moral evil. God forbid that any word of mine should be construed into even a seeming wish to discourage judicious and rational exertion for the removal or the diminution of that dark and enormous aggregate of ills growing out of licentiousness; but let me say, in language as sincere as my conviction of its truth is strong and settled, that these ills are to be removed, if ever removed, by correcting the heart and not by enlightening the head. The rays which have power to consume and drive away this dense cloud of corruption, these thick shadows of death, must come, not

from the intellectual but the moral sun. Not philosophy, but conscience,—not science, but religion, is the minister and physician to the mind so diseased. No fires of knowledge can ever burn out this plague-spot from the soul; it must be washed away by sweet and living waters from the fountains of right principles and true affections.

I have said that the lower nature is not to be kept in abeyance by the intellect. So neither is the higher nature to be strengthened and educated through the medium of the intellect. So far as the moral, social, and religious faculties are concerned, it is the province of the intellect to guide and enlighten, not to vivify and arouse. Each individual power of the soul must be excited by means which operate directly upon itself. It can be strengthened in no other way than by its own activity and exercise. This is generally admitted of the knowing and reasoning powers, but it is as absolutely and strictly true of moral principle and of the religious sentiments, as it is of the intellect. God's laws are as simple as they are universal and immutable. A muscle of the human body acquires strength and

freedom of action only by the frequent exertion of its own powers. So it is with every faculty of the intellect,—so it is with the animal appetites and instincts,—so it is with all the capacities of the moral and religious nature. In order to educate the sense of duty, it is not enough to enlighten the intellect. The sense of duty itself must be appealed to;—it must be called into living action. I would not knowingly tread upon forbidden ground,—I would not willingly lay profane hands on the altar of religious faith; and I trust that I am not now guilty of so doing. But I wish to say, that of all the errors of the Christian church, by far the greatest, the most disastrous, and the most universal, seems to me to have arisen from ignorance or disregard of the principle which I am now endeavoring to illustrate. The essential elements of religion have been placed in the head and not in the heart. Theological science has been substituted for moral principle and religious feeling. Before the moral and religious nature can be effectively cultivated, it must come to be seen that it is a nature by itself; as entirely different from the intellect as are the selfish

passions. The cold deductions of the reason, in relation to the doctrines of any system of religious belief, may be perfectly sound, while the moral and religious nature itself is dormant or lifeless. The head may be right in theology, while the heart is dead in trespasses and sins. The deductions of the reason may be obscure, uncertain, or positively erroneous, while the moral and religious nature is glowing with intense and rapturous life. No want of logical acumen; no mistake of the speculative mind; no absence of mere knowledge can cool the fervor of an adoring spirit, or hold back from its ascent to the throne of Heaven the supplication of penitence and faith. Every faculty of the mind,—instinctive, social, reasoning, moral and religious,—must be educated and strengthened by placing it in relation to the objects for which it has been created and endowed. The instinctive powers must be excited through the objects which have been placed in relation to them: the social powers through their objects; the reasoning powers through theirs; the moral and religious powers through theirs. To every power there are certain things, objects, phenomena, placed in a defi-

nite relation. In this especial relation to the intellect have been placed the laws, appearances, and properties of matter; the laws, operations, and actions of the powers of the mind; their mutual dependences, and their various other relations. Within us there is a sense of the beautiful, and this faculty recognizes, appreciates, and delights in, all forms and manifestations, in nature and in art, in matter and in mind, of the perfect, the excellent and the fair. In relation to the feeling of reverence have been placed all things and beings that are lofty, exalted above us,—its highest object being God. The intellect may study his attributes, his character, his designs; but reverence alone can feel the majesty of his presence, and bow down in humility and awe before Him. The intellect may study the nature and uses of prayer, but it cannot pray; it may utter the words, but it cannot breathe the spirit that animates and fills them; it may mould the form, but it cannot add the wings which alone can carry it up to Heaven. The intellect may seek out and ascertain what particular course of action is right, but it cannot feel the obligation of doing right. The head

must do its own work, it cannot do that of the heart; the heart must work out its own salvation, this cannot be done by the head.

A great deal has been said about the connection of Science with Religion. But let us be careful that we do not misapprehend the nature of this connection. It is the province of science,—it should be its highest and noblest province,—to act as the handmaid of religion. It should free the mind from superstitious and debasing fears; from narrow and illiberal prejudices; from the mists of ignorance and error. It should unfold to us the character of God, as it is revealed to us in his word, in his works and in his dealings with men. It should follow its manifold and noble vocation, always in the spirit of religion. In the generous ardor of self-devotion it should consecrate all its labors to the glory of God and the good of men. But let it be remembered, after all, that science cannot usurp the place, or exercise the functions of religion. The intellectual eye may "look through nature up to nature's God," and it may thus see him more distinctly than it otherwise can; as we survey through the telescope

those distant worlds which the unaided vision could never reach. But no appliances of art, and no cunning of earthly wisdom can impart that look of ineffable confidence, devotion and trust, which fills the eye when we gaze directly upon a beloved face, or commune in the depths of our spirit with the great object of adoration and worship. Science has its own mission, and a glorious one it is; let it fulfil it. Duty and love have theirs also, and it is still more glorious than the former; let them, too, do their work. All these powers may aid each other, but every one must perform its own appropriate part for itself.

That science has no necessary connection with moral and religious principle is evident enough from the entire history, both of science and religion. If it is true that

"An undevout astronomer is mad,"

there should be some strange transfers of illustrious names from the rolls of philosophy to the registers of lunatic hospitals. All these shining spheres, which inlay the firmament with patins of bright gold,

may be as familiar to the understanding as household things while the heart is as cold as the light which they shed down upon us.

If these principles, which I have thus attempted very briefly and partially to illustrate, are sound and true, it is easy to see what the practical results are, which ought to grow out of them.

If they are sound and true, the best methods and plans for their practical application will naturally present themselves; or they will soon be ascertained by trial and experience. This portion of the subject I have not thought it proper to touch upon. There are many and various duties in relation to this matter which we owe to the cause of humanity. While one workman clears off the old timber and removes the rocks with gunpowder and fire, another may turn up the deep furrow, a third may plant the seed, and a fourth may water. I have thought it best to limit myself to the office of stating and developing some few of the general doctrines of the subject, and I shall now conclude, as I have thus far proceeded, with a few further observations of the same comprehensive character, in relation especially to the stated subject of the lecture.

The patriot or the martyr, who gives his body to the stake, or the scaffold, rather than renounce his allegiance to the right and the true; — the lone woman, who in solitude, neglect and penury, amid suffering and wrong, bears patiently and cheerily up, sacrificing her whole self at the call of duty and the voice of love — are loftier and nobler manifestations of human nature than the hero who conquers nations, or the philosopher who creates new sciences or discovers new worlds. Only so far is intellectual greatness a good as it corresponds to the promptings and principles of the higher nature. Full as is the world of false judgment, and unjust appreciation, and wrong passion, it is after all only the true, the disinterested, and the right, that is garnered up in the heart of humanity, and cherished as its best possession. Only this lives and grows green with age. Meanness, injustice, wrong-doing, selfishness, will at length dethrone and drag down to the earth the proudest spirit that ever reigned in the empire of mind. Not all the wonderful genius and the various learning of Bacon can keep sweet his memory, or wipe off the cloud that is daily and silently

gathering over the brightness and sullying the glory of his name. Time is ever setting right the wrong judgments of men; reversing their premature decisions; breaking in pieces the false gods of the past; casting down its idols of clay; stripping the crowns from the foreheads of the temporarily great or notorious only, and placing them on the brows of the pure, the disinterested, the just and the good. The same thing is seen in literature, one of the most universal modes of expression of the intellectual and moral nature. In this, as in the living action of humanity, only the excellent and the true endures. What are the immortal utterances of the bard and the orator; living on through all time; received into all hearts; echoed by all tongues; humanity's familiar and household words? They are those and only those which, coming from man's holiest and highest nature, address themselves to the same nature again. They are those which speak to us of the innocency and joyousness of childhood; of the sacredness of friendship and love; of the patriot's valor and the martyr's cross;—they are those which tell us of self-sacrifice; of heroic daring; of patient

endurance for the glory of God, in the rights and the interests of men. With what a triumphant and eternal harmony do these voices, issuing from the great deep of the past, ever roll on, gathering strength from generation to generation, and sweetness from age to age!

I have been speaking of the relative value of moral and of intellectual endowments. I will not, on the present occasion, so wrong and degrade the former as to institute any comparison between their worth and that of all temporal good,—riches, power, or fame. All these have their value. I wish to speak no words but those of truth and soberness. I make no fanatical crusade against the goods of this life, or against those desires of the mind which covet them. They are God's gifts, and when occupying their right places and devoted to their right ends, they are worthy of the Giver. Neither will any one suspect me, I trust, of a wish to underrate, or disparage the nobleness, or the usefulness of intellectual strength or attainment. I only claim that all these should be held as goods subordinate to moral and religious truth. A sweet

temper is a richer dowry than a keen wit,—the spirit of self-sacrifice a higher and more difficult attainment than a knowledge of the stars. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

I would see the whole of man's nature reverenced and developed. His body,—this tabernacle of flesh and blood,—the instincts which he possesses in common with the brutes, as well as the intellect which conceives, and the adoration which bows down before Him are the works of his Maker's hands. No one of their properties or powers is to be hated or contemned. Let the senses receive the fullest culture of which they are susceptible. Let the eye be gratified with the beauty of form and color which God has framed it to perceive and to delight in:—let the ear be filled with the ravishment of sweet sounds, which God has so exquisitely attuned it to hear. Let art imitate and rival the cunning of nature. Let her glory in the creation of ideal beauty. Let the marble be made to speak, and the canvas to glow with life. Let the charm of gentle manners, and the graceful courtesies of civil-

ization and refinement be spread over the face of society. Let invention minister to all the commoner wants of man:—let it call the elements into his service; let it bid the fire, the water, the earth and the air to do his work; to weave his clothing, to build his houses, to print his books, to bring to his doors all the products of the earth;—to carry him over the land and the sea. Let science unfold to him the mysteries of the universe; let it count the flowers,—let it number the stars,—let it weigh the sun and the planets in a balance; but running through all this multiform action of soul and body; ruling it all,—regulating it all,—harmonizing it all and sanctifying it, let there be moral principle and religious emotion.

In order to secure with any certainty, this result, the means must be put in operation at the beginning of life. The seal of Heaven must be set on the moral nature during its fresh and plastic childhood; and then shall the form and pressure continue through its whole subsequent existence. Thus, and thus only, shall the great ends of life be attained. And how glorious is the certain destiny, which

awaits the spirit so impressed, and so moulded! Its essential interests are secured. No harm can ever come near it. It is girt round with a celestial panoply which shall guard it from all perilous calamity. It shall fear no evil tidings. The unavoidable ills, as we call them, of life, shall be transformed into ministering angels; and multiplied and heightened beyond all the conceptions of the selfish and the worldly, shall be its many and sacred joys. The sunshine shall be brighter on its pathway,—the grass shall be greener under its feet. The natural blessedness of its early morn shall be made more blessed,—its ripe manhood shall be prodigal of fruit,—no clouds shall gather over its declining age, and the dark valley of the shadow of death shall be lighted up by the dawning rays of that sun of life, which then rises on the soul, to set no more forever.

" God bless him, then, for all the good his gray goose quill has wrought,

For all the lessons, grave and gay, his genial lips have taught,

For all the light his sunny face has shed o'er lonely hours,

For all the rugged paths his hands have scattered o'er with flowers."

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